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THE  
*Royal Prophetess.*  
AN  
Heroick POEM.

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THE  
ROYAL PROCEEDINGS  
AND  
HEROICK POEMS.

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THE  
Royal Prophetess :  
OR,  
ISRAEL's TRIUMPHS  
OVER  
JABIN  
King of HAZOR.  
AN  
*Heroick POEM.*

Written after the manner of the Antients ;  
And now Publish'd upon the occasion of the  
Unparallell'd Success of Her Majesty's Forces,  
under the Command of that Great Captain of  
this Age, His Highness the Prince and Duke of  
*MARLBOROUGH.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed: Sold by *A. Baldwin*, at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-lane*, 1706.

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# THE PREFACE.

**T**HE following Poem, tho' publish'd on this occasion, was not the hasty production of a few Days or Weeks, but the whole Work, of which this is but, as it were, the Introduction, was the Labour of some Tears: I make not this Declaration to recommend the Performance; for it is rather a sufficient reason to be pleaded against it, why it shou'd not be more perfect, about which so much time has been spent, and wherein the Author has had so many opportunities of Revising and Correcting what might be amiss: But I rather take notice of this, to show some Men have not such fertile Brains as others, who can make Heroick Poems in Coaches and Coffee-houses, and every Tear or two produce fresh Specimens of great Designs, which perish for want of being well digested.

For it is not Bombast Language and Pompons Words, that make the Sublime so justly valued in Epick Poetry, but it is the Grandeur and Majesty of the Thoughts, expressed in proper Natural Words, and in an ease flowing Stile: It is not frightful rattling sounds, but soft and melting Numbers makes the Harmony, for Melody consists of sweet and gentle sounds, not of the shrill and Echoing clangors that distract the Ear.

Tho' I cannot boast of the most exquisite Harmony of Numbers, I have thus much to say in my own behalf, that I am sure I shall not grate the Readers Ears with harsh uncouth Words and thundering Epistles, devis'd rather to terrifie than give delight to him, for as Pleasure is one of the chief Ingredients in Poetry, so the Poet ought to make it his study to consult it, that he may the easier carry his Reader to the chief end of it, which is Instruction.

The



## The P R E F A C E.

The English, next to the Greek, is the most capable Language of pleasing in this kind of Poetry, whether writ in Blank Verse or Rhime, tho I must needs say for my own part, Rhime is always the most agreeable, when the Audience is duly consulted, and the Majesty of the Expression is not lost to introduce some Foreign matter, or force the Sense for the sake of the Metre, which need not be if time be allow'd, since our Language affords us such a vast Latitude as no other can equal; so that the pretence of being cramp't in Rhime, is but an idle imagination, since the best Work, valuable and most moving pieces of Poetry, the English Nation has produc'd, has been in this kind of way, which I have chose for the following Undertaking.

Notwithstanding we owe the manner of this kind of Verse to the Italians in particular, yet they become no Language better than our own, nor has any Nation had so good success in the use of Heroick Couplets, as the English, for which reason I have follow'd custom, tho there is certainly a decency in one sort of Verse more than another which custom cannot really alter. How much more pleasant, easie and expressive are Couplets in Epick Poems, than the long unintelligible Periods of Spencer's Stanza, which is an Imitation of Tasso's Ottava Rima, for labouring for a more Stately and Majestick Stile, they lose their Readers in a Labrinth of perplex'd Idea's, and difficult English, as Gondibert in his alternation of four Verses only. Nor am I of their opinions, who are perswaded that if Milton's manner were reviv'd, or at least more practis'd among us, it wou'd be much more excellent and valuable than the present way of Couplets or Triplets in Rhime, since that kind of Stile is lyable to the same objections made against Spencer's Stanza or the alternation of four Verses.

One thing more is to be observ'd, between the Italian Verse and ours, namely, that the Dissyllable, which in that Language is almost the only way of Rhiming, is in ours very disagreeable, tho some are so addic'ted to singularity, as to affirm it is us'd with as much Grace, if not more than the Monosyllable. The Judgment of a Poet is much seen in the choice of his Verse, agreeable and proper to the Subject he writes on, let the fashion of the Verse be what it

## The P R E F A C E.

it will, for how odious wou'd the Jambick be to an Epick Poem, or how ridiculous Pindaricks appear in Burlesque.

But that which is most considerable in Poetry, is conduct and design, which how far I have pursued in this Poem, must be left to the judicious Reader. All that I shall say for it is this, that it is copied from the Antients, since I wou'd no more attempt to introduce some new kind of Poem, of different fashion from theirs, than I wou'd to bring a new Order in Architecture, altogether different from the Coric, Ionic, Corinthian, Tuscan and Composite.

This design is the first draught of an Heroick Poem, in which I have an ample Field to employ all the force of invitation, nor need I tie my self up to a meer Historical Relation spic'd over with a little slight Fiction, or set my Hero upon Romantick Actions, since there is no occasion for either, and both are below the Dignity and contrary to the Decorum of Epick Poetry, which will admit of the Highest Truths, even in the midst of Fiction. So that it is the greatest absurdity in a Poet to deviate from the Rules already prescrib'd him.

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To  
Go on, Dear Friend, Celestial Rapt go on,  
And Rapt and Rapt with thy Song,  
So well, to happy, to incessantly begun.

THE PREFACE.

To the AUTHOR  
O N H I S  
Heroick Poem.

W HAT Muse has fir'd thee with Poetick Rage,  
That thou outstripst the foremost of the Age;  
That thou so boldly dost to *Homer's* Lays aspire,  
With *Virgil's* purity, and *Milton's* fire.

Passion so well thy matchless Song renews,

A *Mantuan* Poet, tho an *English* Muse :

Well thou Essays the Vicious Age to awe,

With moving Strains drawn from the Sacred Law.

Great is thy Taste, immortal thy Design,

That *Wit* with *Piety* so well can't joyn,

To make this live and that again *divine*.

Go on, Dear Friend, Cælestial *Bard* go on,

And *Rome* and *Athens* startle with thy Song,

So well, so happy, so successfully begun.

J. William, A. M.



(12)

THE

# Royal Prophets.

*Heroick Poem.*

W

Hen Pious *Joshua* *Israel's* People led

After the Mighty Prophet had 'em fed

With Food from Heaven for their daily Bread.

B

*Jacob's*

*Jacob's* ungrateful Race forgot the God  
 That had preserv'd them by his Sacred Rod ;  
 Perverse and Stubborn as their Fathers were,  
 They scorn'd the tenders of his bounteous Care,  
 And ev'n against high Heav'n it self made War.  
 Tho when the great *Dictator* of their Laws  
 Was from 'em ta'en, *Joshua* espous'd their Cause.  
*Joshua*, so much for Arms and Arts renown'd,  
 And who the hopes of *Israel's* People Crown'd.  
 When such a Guide did for their Tribes appear  
 Old *Judah's* Lyon rose, and *Israel* banish'd fear,  
 Whilst from his Sphere fled back the glaring *Sun*,  
 Amaz'd, Asham'd, to see himself out-run,  
 Stock-still he gaz'd, with Wonder fill'd, and fear,  
 Nor durst he to his Journey's end draw near,  
 But as a vain Spectator of the Day,  
 Stood loit'ring of his precious hours away.

Mean time the Hero, with a matchless grace  
Met nought but Victory in ev'ry place,  
Where grizly Death was staring in his Face,

The Haughty *Amorites* press'd his Troops in vain  
Till *Gibeons* Fields were cover'd with the Slain;  
The bashful trembling *Moon*, all pale and wan  
Affrighted stood to view the God-like Man.  
While thro the rapid Streams of *Jordan*, he  
Made his bold Passage like a Deity.  
No Terrors did his fiery Passion cool,  
His Armour was the Courage of his Soul.  
Nor did the God, for whom his *Joshua* fought,  
Permit his Hero to be long forgot,  
For 'midst th' eternal Monuments of Fame  
None will compare to *Jossua's* Deathless Name.

He liv'd thro' *Israel's* Tents for Arms renown'd,  
And dy'd with never-fading Lawrels Crown'd.



While *Jacob's* Sons in Sorrow bath'd their Eyes,  
 And Clouds with Mourning Sables deck'd the Skies,  
*Deb'rah* the Royal Prophetess did rise.

*Deborah*, whose Pious Name tunes every Lyre,

And does my Muse with rapt'rous thoughts inspire:

From *Ephram's* Tribe her sacred Breath she drew,

And *Israel* well her great Fore-Fathers knew.

Divinely fair her sparkling Beauty shin'd,

Like *Jaspers* with the *Crystal* more refin'd ;

Her flowing Hair like the first dawn of Light,

With Gold enamel'd show'd the Silver-white ;

Upon her Brow a Thousand Graces met,

Where they in Thrones of spotless *Ivory* fate ;

Her Cheeks with native Blushes were overspread,

Not yielding to the *Roses* or *Carnation* Red ;

Her Eyes would swell and burst, and melt in Showers,

As Pearly drops bedew the choicest *Flowers* :

To Crown her Charms the Sun lay hid for shame,

And own'd her Eyes by far the brighter flame ;

Like

Like Rocks of Marble on a Silver Mold,  
 Her Snowy Breasts their Beauties do unfold,  
 So every Heart with pleasure she commands,  
 No Heart, no Soul, her Lordly pow'r withstands.

Of *Lapidoth* she was the virtuous Wife,  
 And liv'd a very Pattern all her Life  
 Free from the jars of Matrimonial strife.  
 Heav'n such a Bridegroom never yet describ'd,  
 Nor ever Earth so Fair, so Chaste a Bride.

These two bright Suns in Heavenly Triumphs sit,  
 Their constant Joys no future Change admit;  
 But in the pleasure of each others Eyes,  
 In Raptures He, in Bliss all night She lies.  
 Thus he on Earth a Heaven must surely gain,  
 Who knows no grief, nor feels oppressing pain;  
 So they live on, and so they will abide,  
 He still a Lover, She a joyful Bride.  
 Their Hearts like rowling Spheres still constant move,  
 Swimming in Waves of Joy and mutual Love.

While

While all the Soldiers round their Captain Throng,  
And lead him home, with Triumph and a Song.

Under the spreading *Palm-Trees* She abode,  
Securely tended by her Guardian God,  
On *Ephraim's* Mount, with awful Pow'r She sate  
To govern *Israel*, and to prescribe their Fate.

There stands a lofty Pile, which looking high,  
Rears up its stately Head to meet the Sky,  
Deep founded on a Rock it firmly stood,  
Fenc'd from th' insults of *Jordans* Swelling Flood.

The Beauteous Frame with curious Art was wrought,  
With Wood from *Ophir*, and from *Chittim* brought,  
With tallest *Cedars* that the Forrests shade,  
Of *Firs*, the *Beams* and *Rafters* all were made,  
The Roof with Gold of *Parvaim* overlaid :

Such wond'rous *Architrave* the Structure show'd,  
As if design'd by some all Art-full God ;  
Huge Mountain *Pines*, the Imperial load sustain'd,  
Which from the solid Trunks alone were fram'd,

On



On Pedestals of Molten *Brass* they stood,  
 And Leaves of purest Gold o're-laid the Wood;  
 Their *Chapters* were Carv'd with nicest Art,  
 And in their form, each Workman play'd his part.

One Tow'ring *Cedar*, of Gigantick size,  
 That did on *Lebanon's* fair *Forrest* rise,  
 Did by its Native Strength alone support  
 Th' ascending Ladder of this spacious Court;  
 A hundred paces, to the Floor you mount,  
 And twice two hundred afterwards may count.  
 Of purest Ebony, the Steps were made,  
 With *Chittim* Iv'ry, curiously Inlaid;  
 No Walls were there, but of the *Onyx* Stone,  
 Nor Light, but what through clearest *Chrystal* shone;  
 The Ceiling, of stupendious height did seem,  
 Shewing no Crack, or Flaw, or Artless Beam,  
 But in the Noblest Paintings, there Divine  
 Did all the Glorious Acts of *Israel* shine.  
 There *Moses* by the Fiery Pillar stood,  
 And *Pharoah's* Chariots rowling in the Flood;      There

There stood the Waves, on heaps on either side,  
 And *Moses* leading *Israel* for their Guide;  
 There were in Colours, Artfully exprest  
 All *Egypt's* Plagues, in lively horror drest,  
 And living Streams flow'd from the Painters Rock,  
 Just as they look'd when the great Prophet struck;  
 Nor were the wond'rous Deeds of *Joshua* forgot,  
 And all the mighty Battels which he fought.

A Lordly Dome rais'd up its Antique Head,  
 Which o're the Centre of the Building spread,  
 Two hundred Cubits 'bove the Roof did rise,  
 And the same number spann'd the bulky fize.  
 With pond'rous Gold the Pile was cover'd o're,  
 And Orient Gems adorn'd the inner Floor.  
 There *Varrios* skill in shining Colours lives,  
 And there immortal *Joshua* survives.  
 There you may see, the Radiant Beamy Sun  
 By Man's soft Pencil, Artfully out done,  
 When he stood still upon the Burning Zone.

There

There, see, how the Great Painter so can dress  
 Art, as to exceed ev'n Nature in Distress;  
 So bold he Paints the fall of *Jericho*,  
 That She scarce felt such mighty Pangs of Woe,  
 When Her surrounding Walls were tumbling down,  
 And *Joshua's* Host Triumphant in the Town;  
 When Childless Matrons, with unpitied Eyes  
 Wept, at the Universal Sacrifice.  
 There, Colours do by bold expressions tell  
 How the Great Heroe stood, when *Basban* fell,  
 How *Jordans* Streams, could never stem the Tyde  
 Of *Joshua's* Fire; He thro' the Flood wou'd Ride,  
 And force the Waves stand still on either side.

Beneath the Glories of this Painted Sky,  
 Statutes of lasting Brass, stood mounting high,  
 At whose proud Feet numberless Trophies lye.



There, haughty *Nimrod*, like a *Tyrant* stood,  
 And those *Rebellious Sons*, who since the Flood  
 Wag'd War with Heav'n, and durst confront their God  
 In daring Forms, that did their boldness crown,  
 Who *Babel* rais'd, and with it tumbled down.  
 Their Images appear'd of *Gyant* size,  
 Grim were their looks, and *Gorgon* like their Eyes :  
 No smiling aspects did the Heroe's grace,  
 But horror star'd in ev'ry *Grizly* Face,  
 Naked and bare, their *Brawny* Limbs descry'd  
 Th' insulting Men, that Heav'n and Earth defy'd.

Beneath these huge *Colossus's*, you might see  
 Twelve spacious *Arches*, fram'd of *Ebony*;  
 With lust'rous *Pearl*, each Bow was spangled o're,  
 And *Jasper* Stones pav'd all the low'most Floor,  
 The choicest *Onyx*, form'd the *Pillars* thro',  
 And the *Pilasters* were of *Saphire* blue.

Next

Next, hence adjoyning lyes a Gallery,  
 With Marble polish'd like a Chrystal Sea,  
 No Topaz, Pearl or Diamonds appear,  
 Whose charming lustre shines not brighter here ;  
 For what thro' all the World in large you see,  
 In Miniature contains this Gallery.

Hence by ascending Steps you mount a Throne,  
 Of burnish'd Gold, which with like splendor shone,  
 As does the Chariot of the Blazing Sun :  
 Fix'd o're't, was set a high Imperial Crown,  
 Which nought but Tyranny cou'd tumble down :  
 There hung on high a Canopy of State,  
 Where *Deborah* like, a powerful Monarch fate.

Close by this Palace, flows fair *Jordans* Streams,  
 Where spreading Palms shade from the Sun's fierce Beams,  
 Where Beauteous Sea-Nymphs, on the Waters sport,  
 And bulky *Trytons* grace the splendid Court.

There, Ships from *Tarsbiff* safe at Anchor ride,  
 There, Men of War bear out the foaming Tyde,  
 While Wanton *Skiffs* at pleasure o're it glide.  
 Here *Bashan* *Asbes* make the Sailors Oars,  
 And *Senir* Oaks, the Merchants hoard in Stores;  
 Work-men from *Gebal* hew the Timber down,  
 And *Zidon's* Carpenters the Labour Crown:  
 Ham'd *Arvad's* Pilots steer Her Ships to Land,  
 When in the midst of them tall *Cedars* stand;  
 Up *Jordan's* swelling Flood, swift sailing come  
 Merchants from *Lud* and *Persia*, laden home;  
 Coral and *Agab*, they with *Emeralds* buy,  
 And *Dedan's* Merchants Trade in Ivory,  
 For finest Wool, and *Balm of Gilead* they  
 Bring Gold and Precious Stones from *Raamah*;  
*Arabian* Spices are exchange'd for Corn,  
 And for choice *Ebony*, they barter *Horn*;  
 With *Tin* and *Lead*, *Shebah* and *Asbur* Trade,  
 And with fine Silver home their Shipping lade;

For



For *Honey, Wax and Wheat, of Minniths Soil* *basinets A*  
 They bring back *Olives, Cassia, Wine and Oyl.* *basinets A*  
 Thus *Jordans* flowing Streams more fruitful are,  
 Than either *East* or *Western* Oceans far,  
 Plenteous in all the Riches of the *West*,  
 And stor'd with fine Apparel from the *East*;  
 In Silks Embroider'd, they from *Haram* shine,  
 And *Edens* softer Linnen makes 'em fine.

Near hence, a pleasing Prospect to the Eyes,  
 The Beauteous Garden of the *Palm-Trees* lyes,  
 Where *Jordans* Streams in various windings play,  
 And thro' thick glades cut out their shady way;  
 Thence their fresh Rills delight the sporting Fawns,  
 When they glide gently down the verdant Lawns,  
 When o're the Pebles, softly they complain  
 Their broken Numbers touch the Love-sick Swain:  
 The Muses, all these Silver Brooks Flock round,  
 And Nymphs and Fawns, with Water Lillies crown'd;

A thousand little Loves in Am'rous strains,  
A thousand Joys send thrilling thro' the Plains.

Here, well secur'd from Envy, Flatt'ry, Hate  
And Discontent, that oft on Great Men wait,  
In Innocence they prove their happy State,  
And Challenge all the Tyrannies of Fate;  
No clamorous *Laws*, here deaf the silent Bar,  
Or noisy Tumults raise up anxious fear,  
But cool under some shady covert blest,  
Contentedly they stretch their Limbs to rest,  
The Soul at ease, serenely calm the Breast.

Here, lavish Nature Prodigal of Bliss,  
Shows us, what pleasure in Her Bosom lyes,  
What to the Earth Her kindly Offspring bring,  
And how Her Beauteous Blossoms freshly spring;  
How Fountains rise, from the Seas swelling Tyde,  
And Flow'rs are dress'd with such delightful Pride.

Here

Here, Art it self so lively does appear,  
 As if this place by Her created were,  
 And does so near to Natures Thoughts aspire,  
 She gilds the kindly Plants with new attire,  
 Where Nature has too great a Niggard been,  
 In Homely *Russet*, or in Native *Green* ;  
 Beams of more lively and delightful show,  
 Do from their Beds in glorious colours grow :  
 So does She wed the *Tulip* to the Sun,  
 While various mixtures thro' each other run.  
 The verdant *Holly* ev'ry circling Year,  
 A diff'rent Livery She gives to wear,  
 So lustrous, Art can make ev'n Nature shine,  
 From Mountain slips, She dwarfs the lofty *Pine* ;  
 She joyns the *Hawthorn* to *Alcinous Pear*,  
 While Wilding-Stocks *Pomona's* Apples bear.

Here, Art Triumphs, and here Heav'ns smiling brow,  
 Does all the sweets of Infant Nature show ;

To



The Joyous Birds, in little Songs conspire,  
 To raise delight and melt us to desire  
 The Earth with *Violet* sweets embellish'd o'er,  
*Primrose* and *Lillies*, all the fragrant store  
 That *Roses* yield, She in her Bosom wore.

Then tell me *Jordan*, why thy crooked Tyde,  
 Does thro' this spacious Artful Canal glide?  
 Why, here your healing Springs do dance and play,  
 Then hide their curled heads, and steal away?  
 Tell me sweet Streams, why here your Current flows?  
 Why leave the Banks, that did you once enclose?  
 Say lovely Fountains, what is't you have got  
 By this exchange, or what is't you have not?  
 Here ev'ry Morning from the Neighbouring Bow'r.  
 The Beauties of the *East* each day do flow'r:  
 The early Sun, with Beams comes dancing out,  
 And sporting *Nereids* wanton here about;  
 Here *Swallows* from their Winter Beds arise,  
 And downy Sleep is banish'd from their Eyes.

All perfum'd Odours that delight the Sence,  
 Are here pour'd out in lavish affluence;  
 Not *Ida's* Fields or *Tempe's* flow'ry plain,  
 On which the streaming Floods of Heaven rain,  
 Or *Hybla's* Thyme, but must compare with the in vain.  
 To all these Nature did some Sweets bestow,  
 But in this Garden every Sweet did grow.  
 With various mixtures ev'ry Bank she dy'd,  
 And damask'd all the Fields with od'rous Pride.  
 In this fair Plain such Charms engage the Eye,  
 We scarce regard the lustre of the Sky,  
 What e're is beautiful is here exprest,  
 The Earth in Robes of Silken Leaves is drest.  
 Here on high *Trillage* made of golden Wire  
 Sweet *Limes* or shady *Elms* are taught t' aspire,  
 While for her Guard their boughy Arms they bear,  
 And ev'ry Tree erects its Leafy Spear.  
 Under these Shades such bubbling Fountains rise,  
 As at once raise both pleasure and surprize.

D

The

The wanton Flood o're spacious *Cascades* rows,  
 And laves its liquid Waves in Silver Bowls,  
 Upon whose sides fresh fragrant *Roses* stray,  
 O're which the watry Streams delight to play.

Here Sea-green *Mermaids* stand, and naked Boys  
 Whose Breasts let fall the Stream with sleepy noise,  
 To Gaping *Lions*, whose devouring Jaws,  
 Whole Floods of Water from the Fountain draws ;  
 Here Stony *Nightingals* are taught to sing,  
 And in soft Murmurs whistle to the Spring,  
 While gentle *Zephirs* thro the Hollows ring.

Here *Circe's* sleeping Charms so fam'd of old  
 Are quite out done by the Springs Icy cold :  
 Here Evening Breezes freshly fan the Air,  
 Quench the hot Flame, and cool the rage of Care ;  
 Till Nights thick Veil, Men's drooping senses hide,  
 And Evening dew wash off their Morning pride.

But



But now the pensive Queen by Heav'n inspir'd,  
 And with the Publick Good divinely fir'd,  
 Fix'd in her Mind her People's Cares, resolv'd,  
 At last her teeming Thoughts she thus resolv'd.

Th' insulting *Amorites* have long perplex'd  
 This Promis'd Land, and long have *Israel* vex'd.  
*Jabin*, their haughty Monarch every where  
 Makes *Zebulon* and *Naphtali* by fear  
 Fly from his conq'ring Arms with base despair,  
 While all the *Gentiles* tremble at their Flight,  
 None dare resist the Fury of his Might:

For like some Monstrous *Tyger* now o're-grown,  
 He Lords it o're the Forrests, having none  
 That dare oppose his Rav'ning Jaws alone,  
 All must submit, or his displeasure find  
 In rancour suited to his Savage kind.

This said, a Message soon was sent

T' assemble *Israel's* Elders to her Tent.

Mean time, her wearied Soul with Cares oppress

Drew down the Curtains of her Eyes to rest ;

Extended on a Flow'ry Couch she lay

Entranc'd, as Death had wing'd her Soul away :

While thus the Prophetess took her repose,

A sudden Vision to her Fancy rose.

A Form appear'd, but so amazing bright,

Its lustre flash'd intolerable light ;

Her Knees together knock'd, her starting Hair,

With trembling Heart confess'd unusual fear.

His Garments seem'd thin as the upper Air,

Sweet was his Mein, his Face divinely fair,

Soft as a Cloud, but more Ætherial bright,

His Image shone like springing Tydes of Light ;

Down on his Shoulders with an easy Care,

A flaming Meteor flow'd like Silver Hair ;

His

His Cheeks were blushing as the Morning Sun,  
 His Eyes more piercing than his Rays at Noon;  
 His voice like softest Zephirs that on Violets play,  
 Refreshing Odours all the scorching day.  
 Such Harmony his Numbers did inspire,  
 Her Soul was tun'd to his melodious lyre.  
 When thus the sacred Bard his Message told.

*Deborah*, thou Favourite Friend of Heav'n rise,  
 Dispel all Fears, wipe Sorrow from thy Eyes :  
 The great *Jehova*, Founder of this State,  
 The God that did on your Fore-Fathers wait,  
 Will still the Wonders of his Mercy show,  
 And surely make *Philistine* Nations know,  
 There is a God to whom they do not bow.

By thee, fairest of Women, most divine,  
 By thee thy God thro *Israel's* Land will shine ;  
 Thou shalt in all thy glorious Works succeed,  
 Obey my Words, for they're by Heav'n decreed.

Heaven



Heav'n, which makes ev'n Kings descend their Thrones,  
 Stript of their Purple and their shining Crowns,  
 Who boast of Strength, and trust in that alone,  
 Are by the breath of Heav'n soon tumbled down;  
 Mysterious Truths hid in the Veil of Night  
 Are by his Pow'r produc'd to open light.

In Plenty now the happy Nation lives,  
 And like a spreading Vine the Country thrives.  
 When sudden desolation unforeseen  
 Reduces all her Pride to want again.  
 What Numerous Crowds did once *Samaria* grace,  
 They seem'd to murmur at the narrow space;  
 Now all her mighty Warriors can't oppose  
 The daring Fury of insulting Foes.  
 Her Senators are at a stand, nor know which way  
 T' avoid the ruin of the fatal Day,  
 Council will not avail, all in amaze  
 With haggard Eyes upon each other gaze;

Fain would they fly, but know not where to run,  
No hope is near the threatned Death to shun.

'Tis prosp'rous Villany that now bears sway,  
The Rich tho bad, the Vulgar still obey;  
The Robber fattens at the Lands Expence,  
And thrives upon the Spoils of Providence;  
Securely Sins while Heav'n regardless Smiles,  
And seems to drive the Prey into his Toils.  
The Savage kind, and those that wing the Air,  
If thou wilt ask, the Secret can declare,  
Whence this proceeds; the Tenants of the Sea,  
Or Earth it self can shew the Mytery.

Without God's leave, nothing e're was, or is,  
Or Good, or Bad, Unhappiness or Bliss:  
Fate is his Slave, and does his Nod obey,  
And only acts as he prescribes the way;

All that have Life are in his powerful hand,  
 And flourish or decay at his command,  
 As by the Organs of the Ear we try,  
 And judge of discord or of Harmony ;  
 As by the Palate we distinguish our Food,  
 Shun what is bad, and chuse what e're is good,  
 So by old Age Experience does arise,  
 And Silver hairs confirm the Owner wise.  
 The antientest of Days, the God of all,  
 Is Wisdoms self, its great Original :  
 In full Perfection Wisdom there does shine,  
 And Pow'r and Judgment do with Wisdom joyn ;  
 At his command the Waters backward fly,  
 Their Fountains seek, and leave the Channel dry,  
 When at a Sign again their Torrents pour,  
 And rowl their curling Heads above the Shore ;  
 Houses and Flocks are by the Deluge drown'd,  
 And Desolation wafts the neighb'ring Ground.  
 Thus spoke the Angel, and he thus went on.



Call strait the Mighty Men of *Israel* here,  
 And tell this Message in the Peoples Ear,  
 That *Jacob's* Race shall curb the growing Pow'r  
 Of proud *Philistine* Lords who wait each hour  
 The chosen Tribes of *Israel* to devour.  
 From *Issachar* the Heroe shall be born,  
 Whom thou shalt with the chief Command adorn;  
 He shall be Captain o're thy Men of War,  
 Inspir'd from Heav'n with Conduct and with Care,  
 And brave, tho not insensible of fear.

*Abinoam's* Son, *Barak's* the Heroe's Name,  
 Oh *Deborah!* That shall exalt thy Fame,  
 And bring on *Jabin* everlasting shame.  
 Send for the Warrior, let the People know,  
 To *Barak's* Genius *Sisera* must bow;  
 Consult your Council, for the dreadful War  
 With all the strength of *Israel* prepare:

E

For

For *Moab* is with *Sisera* gone down,  
 And *Jabin* hunts for an Imperial Crown.  
 The *Amorites* and *Moabites* are Friends,  
 And hated Nations joyn for hated ends ;  
 Then hast to Arms thou best of thy fair Race,  
 Let Peace thy Mind, while Smiles-adorn thy Face,  
 Wake glorious Princess from thy Rest, and see  
 Thou for a Guardian hast a Deity.

Swift from her Eyes the Spirit made its way,  
 And nought remain'd to Sight but lightsome day,  
 When all alone she was surpriz'd to find  
 Such strong Impressions on her feeble Mind,

No sooner was the leaden Clouds of Sleep dispell'd,  
 And *Morpheus* loos'd the Fetters which he held,  
 But *Israel's* Cheiftains waited at her Tent,  
 To understand the Message she had sent.

A goodly Frame rais'd high of Carved Wood,  
 Leaning its lofty head, on Cedars stood,

Near

Near an old Venerable Pile——

Adorn'd with curious Work of Antick hands,

There all the States in full Assembly met ;

Where they in Princely Robes of Scarlet set,

Glitt'ring in costly Gems, each takes his place,

And fills the Senate with Majestick Grace ;

While Warlike Trumpets their shrill clangors sound,

The Peoples Voices ecchoing rebound,

And shouts and Trampings shake the trembling Air and  
(dancing Ground.

There hangs the Balance of the weighty state,

And there Rewards and Punishment do wait

A rigorous, or an equitable fate :

There Arbitrary Laws are curb'd and chain'd,

And there the *Summit* of all Justice gain'd ,

Judges themselves, if Lawless, are not free,

From this Tribunal Seat of Equity.

Just Judgment there does without Brib'ry reign,

And wholsome Laws all violence restrain.



Blest *Liberty* in Triumph sits her down,  
Nor hurts the State, nor shakes the Imperial Crown.

All now were met, the Council fill'd apace,  
And every Elder took his wonted place :  
When thus Queen *Deborah* spoke ———

My Lords, the cause why you're assembled here,  
Is to advise ———

About th' important bus'ness of the War ;

*Jabin*, you know, his Conquests spreads around,  
And Vict'ry has His Arms with Triumph crown'd.

The slavish *Amorites* deflow'r our Fields,

Whilst *Zebulon* to their Incurfions yields,

And *Moab's* Race, with heavy burdens bent,

Submit to haughty *Jabin's* Government.

The might of *Hazor's* King, I need not tell,

Or all His vast designs : You know too well

*Israel* has felt the fury of his Pow'r,

When God-like *Joshua* deliver'd you before.

But

But now, more potent by his Allies grown,  
He Triumphs e're the Battel is begun.

While all his num'rous Squadrons do prepare  
For dreadful Mischief, and destructive War ;  
Whom shall I chuse 'mongst *Israel's* mighty Men,  
'The Conduct of the Battel to sustain.

Who dare 'gainst *Sisera*, his Courage try  
To Conquer bravely, or as bravely Die.

Then *Barak* answer'd *Deborah*, and said,  
Illustrious Princess be not thus dismaid,

I will go out 'gainst *Sisera* unafraid :

I will the Noble Youths of *Israel* lead,

And proudly for my Countries Honour bleed.

No *Philistine* shall on Mount *Ephraim* boast,

That *Israel* wants a Captain for their Host ;

If *Jacob's* Rulers the design approve,

I'll take the charge, and to the Battel move.

But

But *Othniel* a *Benjamite*, with Glory fir'd,  
 And who to Pow'r, with less desert aspir'd;  
 Stood up, and thus with furious rage reply'd,  
 Is *Barak* fit to lead the Tribes to War,  
 Who once against all *Israel* did appear?  
 Have I in vain on *Ephraim's* Mount defy'd,  
 The *Ammonites*, and all the Hilly side,  
 That *Bethel* does from *Moab's* Land divide.  
 And shall not *Othniel* lead the People out,  
 Speak Princess now, my Lords, declare your doubt;  
 Can you deny the Glory of my Fame,  
 Or what has *Othniel* done to brand his Name?  
 With that, an *Ephramite* in Council wise,  
 With deference to the rest, did thus advise.  
 We all are sensible, the happy State  
 Of *Israel*, does on our great Councils wait;  
 That *Judah's* Lyon is dismay'd with fear,  
 And *Hazor's* Monarch Conquers ev'ry where.

What



What Noble *Othniel* then propos'd before,

I well approve, and think on any score,

*Barak* shou'd never serve in *Israel* more.

Did not brave *Othniel* lead us with success,

When *Barak* left *Judea* in distress :

'Tis true, his Conduct is upheld by Fame,

But *Israel* doats on *Othniel's* dearer Name ;

Matchless he stands in all the Peoples Voice,

And I opine he ought to be our choice.

At these warm words, a *Danite* old in War,

All cover'd o're with Scars and Martial care,

Of dauntless Courage and of thoughtful Pride,

Sate still, considering by the Chieftains side,

Wanting Revenge on *Othniel* cast his Eye,

With marks of Passion not of Cruelty :

At last his Rage abating, silence broke,

The Council being mute, these words he spoke.

O Princess ! let not Popular Applause,  
 Byass your Judgment in a glorious Cause ;  
*Barak* has offer'd to lead *Israel* out,  
 And who can of his Conduct, or his Courage doubt ;  
 The better part of War in him remains,  
 By wise Designs more than by blood he gains ;  
 He that like *Othniel* does to Battel go,  
 With strength alone, he beats but half his Foe ;  
 Mature in Councils Generals ought to be,  
 Not fill'd with Fire so much as Policy,  
 For Life's of more concern than Victory.  
 But how dares *Othniel*, e're his grey Head age,  
 Attempt with War-like *Sisra* to engage,  
 Or lead United Forces to the War,  
 Where old experienc'd Generals appear.

This Speech fill'd *Zoab*, a *Naphtalite* with rage  
 That did exceed the Conduct of his age.

My

My Lords, said he, I've long in Council sat,  
 And oft consider'd *Israel's* dang'rous state,  
 But never yet expected, once to have heard  
 A Prince of *Issachar*, with *Othinel* compar'd :  
 What could he find none to espouse his Cause,  
 But one so little vers'd in *Israel's* Laws ;  
 One who in Foreign Service may have known  
 What, by Despotick Monarchs has been done.  
 But *Israel's* State is blest with such a Gem,  
 She'd not exchange for *Jabin's* Diadem :  
 And this old doting *Danite* has forgot,  
 That *Dan* must suffer too in *Zoph's* lot :  
 Must we the portions of our Land divide,  
 To pamper *Barak* with a General's pride,  
 And makes the Sons of *Issachar* disdain,  
 The very Tribes that do their Pomp maintain.

These furious words, from Groundless passions rais'd,  
 The Queen and Council with surprize amaz'd.



At last, strict silence was commanded round,  
 When *Deborah*, thus with God-like Patience crown'd,  
 These words pronounc'd: My Lords, I call'd you here,  
 'Tis true, to advise about the present War,  
 But ner'e design'd you shou'd for me declare.  
 If *Jewish* Blood with too much Passion Boil,  
 'Nere spilt in vain on *Israel's* faten'd Soil;  
 Let *Moab's* Land your lavish Courage share,  
 At Home 'tis base, Abroad, 'tis Noble War.  
 Let me Command you, your Contentions cease,  
 And give me your Debates in settled Peace;  
 I wou'd be advis'd, when I wou'd Govern well,  
 And advise you, that Pattern to excel:  
 Then once again let me with Temper hear,  
 Who you Judge fittest to Command the War.  
 Then *Barak* humbly spoke——  
 Great Princess! And you Lords of *Israel* hear,  
 Who make the *Jewish* State your constant care;

To you with all submission I appeal,  
You are the Balm that our Divisions heal.

Tell me, my Lords, if you have ever seen  
*Barak*, to *Israel* false, or to the Queen ;  
Why then shou'd *Ephraim*, or *Naphtali*, revile  
The Race of *Issachar*——

But I can *Zob's* Rage with ease forgive,  
So *Israel* prosper, and Queen *Deb'rah* live ;  
You may remember when all *Ephraim* fled,  
And *Jud'a's* Nobles stood like Statues dead.  
Then *Barak* propt that proud ungrateful Race,  
That in *Judea*, *Barak* wou'd disgrace :

Oh Hear me Lords ! Spare your Reproaches now,  
Does not all *Israel* to *Philistine* *Jabin* bow ?  
Do we not cringe below the Tyrants Feet,  
And to the Laws his Arms prescribe submit.

What then, has *Barak* done ? do *Jewish* Peers  
Despise the Man that wou'd dispel their fears ?

Not for my self, do I this Honour seek,  
My Countries danger, 'tis that makes me speak:

But since I find in faithless *Israel* few,  
When pressing dangers call, that will be true,  
I shall my Courage for the future spare,  
Cowards can boast, when danger seems not near.

With that, a *Reubenite*, tho' young, yet Wise  
Stood up, and thus in Council did advise,  
Tho' grey, Experience has not reach'd my Years,  
Nor have I been alarm'd with Foreign fears,  
Yet I am sensible all *Israel's* Fate,  
Does much on our Wise Councils wait.

*Judea's* safety in our Conduct lies,  
And Strength is nothing, if we are not Wise;  
Therefore, my Lords, I must my Judgment give  
For *Barak*, which I hope you will receive.

Then all the Council mov'd with willing Ears,  
Attended to the Wisdom of his Years;

While



While thus the Noble Youth continued on,  
 The bold discourse he had so well begun,  
 I am amaz'd, from this Wise Board to hear,  
 One Soul of ancient Jacob's Race appear,  
 'Gainst Barak : Did he not Judea save?  
 Are not his Thoughts, his Looks, his words, his Actions brave?  
 Don't we by experience know how great  
 He stood, at Frighted Ephraim's last defeat,  
 And what we by his prudent Councils gain,  
 Is equal to the Glories of a Monarchs Reign;  
 How provident at Home, how gen'rous in the Field,  
 Envy its self must to His Virtues yield :  
 The pompous Luxury of Camps he flies,  
 While downy Rest their Rioting supplies,  
 Who're chain'd in Sleep, when Sleep forsakes his Eyes.  
 Who wou'd not be by such a Captain led,  
 Since more renown'd, made by him their Head,  
 'Mongst Multitudes of Traytors, who's unmov'd,  
 Unshaken, fearless, unseduc'd, yet lov'd ;

'Midst Hostile Acts who to his Foe is brave,  
True to his Trust, yet generous still to save.

He said, and as the hollow Caverns of some Wood,  
Send back in Eccho's the still Voice aloud,  
So from the silence of the Council rose,  
To all his Words, a general applause.  
But Malice in the Assembly still remains,  
Whilst *Maroc's* Blood fermented in his Veins;  
He was, of *Judah's* Captains, rank'd the Prime,  
For Strength and Matchless Valour in his time,  
Who thus, with cloudy aspect, pour'd began—

O, Princess! And You Lords of *Israel* hear,  
What Reverend Age is able to declare ;!  
You all must know how awful once I fate,  
When Scepter'd Monarch's waited at my Gate,  
And proud *Philistine* Lords their Homage paid,  
On *Ephraim's* Mount, where now they are obey'd :  
I tell you Nobles, *Barak* must not go,  
To lead out *Israel*, or engage the Foe ;

Has

Has not great *Hazor's* powerful Monarch seen,

*Israel* distress'd, and *Deb'rah* made their Queen :

What then remains for us to seek but Peace :

Divided as we are, how must we Fight,

But perish poorly by inglorious flight :

I know what Strength all *Israel* can Command,

Not able to protect our *Holy-Land*.

At these base words, the Queen in passion rose,

And with becoming Zeal did *Maroc* thus oppose,

Tho' She was with the softest Nature blest,

Like sleeping Doves, when on their downy rest,

For *Israel's* Cause She was Divinely fir'd,

And spoke these moving words, by Heav'n inspir'd.

O Sons of *Jacob* ! Look yee from a far,

And see the Ruins of approaching War,

How sure destruction shows its ghastly hue,

And Death and Mis'ry stand in open view,

Like Antient Night and Horror, Discord seems,

But Union centers like the Sun its Beams; Avoid



Avoid my People then, resolve to fly  
 Confusion and Eternal Anarchy;  
 Ponder the dangers of that wild Abyss,  
 Wherein the pregnant Cause of Mischief is:  
 The Womb of War, lyes in the rowling Tyde  
 Of factious Streams, that does the Flood divide,  
 And drowns the level Land on either side.  
 But neither Sea nor Shore Divisions please,  
 Bellona's Storms create to them no ease;  
 But trembling at the noisy sounds they make,  
 As with Convulsions seiz'd the Earth does shake,  
 The Massy Frame on which her Pillars stand,  
 Rock thus, as at the Thunderers dire command.  
 When surging Smoke breaks from huge clashing Clouds,  
 And Warring Winds confound the Sailors Shrowds,  
 As if Heav'ns Battlements were tumbling down,  
 All Nature Trembles at the hideous frown  
 Of War——  
 Whose ruddy Flame like Gorgons Eyes appear,  
 Too bright at distance, and too killing near;

Re-

Remorfeness is the Pity of this Friend,  
 Uncertain are his ways, but sure her end.  
 Her Arms out-stretch'd are like a Furnace wide,  
 Thousands she measures at each spacious stride ;  
 And her infernal Belching who can bide  
 Her Wings extended fan the boistrous deep,  
 And does the Scaly Brood in Terror keep ;  
 The batt'ring Engins of her awful flame,  
 Ruin and Want and Misery proclaim,  
 Bent on her Rage no Time nor Place she'll save,  
 But murder Mankind to recruit the Grave.

This said, the Queen to *Maroc* turn'd her Eyes,  
 And to his biting words she thus replies,  
 My Lord, ———  
 Tho War of all our Evils is the worst,  
 And brought on Man when Man by Heav'n was Curst;  
 Yet such the State of *Israel* is this day,  
 I sought your Aid, knowing no other way;  
 For *Deb'rah* was expedient to maintain  
 The Glories you expected from my Reign;  
 But wondring now, I gaz'd with much surprise,  
 And scarcely can believe the object of my Eyes.  
 Is not that *Maroc*, Prince of *Judah's* Blood,  
 That once for *Israel* like a Bulwark stood,

And can his Courage dwindle into Fear,  
 'Cause *Jabin* threats, and *Sisera* draws near?  
 Have we not oft *Philistine* Hosts defy'd  
 On *Jordans* Banks, and on the Hilly side,  
 Triumph'd o're that insulting Monarch's pride.  
 What have I heard pronounc'd from *Maroc's* Tongue  
 Of Peace, who always has of Battels sung.  
 What Peace from perjur'd *Jabin* can we find?  
*Jabin* the Monster of the Monarch kind.  
 Has he not all his lyes of Friendship broke,  
 When he was fetter'd once with *Israel's* yoke,  
 When he to *Judah's* Lyon su'd for Peace,  
 But only kept it for his Soldiers ease?

Think you, I'll hold the Regal Rod in vain,  
 But guide my People, and their Rights maintain.  
 Then tell me, Prince, why must not *Barak* go  
 To lead out *Israel's* Host, against her Foe?  
 I call'd you here in Council to advise,  
 But find by your delays Dangers arise;  
 The Enemy encreases ev'ry where,  
 And yet we in Security appear,  
 Careless at Home, Abroad Destruction fear;  
 By prying Cowardice we make them bold,  
 Some glory in the advantages they hold;

Yet



Yet in our Native strength we daily boast,  
 And never think how soon it may be lost:  
 Perhaps if sudden Methods we pursue,  
 Something unknown to'm may be done, and new;  
 Some Home Acts committed by surprize,  
 Will make our sinking Troops in Courage rise,  
 And cast a Terror on our Enemies;  
 But first the difference of Opinions quell,  
 That makes the State into disorders swell,  
 Therefore all Thoughts of discord let us fly,  
 When danger calls, 'tis time to think of *Unity*.

At this a general Murmur fill'd the Room,  
 Like whistling winds that from deep Caverns come,  
 When strait behold thro' all the sacred place,  
 Consent fate chearfully on ev'ry Face;  
 But stern *Samor's*, who with contracted Brows,  
 That the perverseness of his Nature shows,  
 Frown'd, and with Ireful looks the Queen oppos'd.

My Lord, I sit no vain Spectator here,  
 To trifle with my Country's safety, but I fear  
 Ev'n now She suffers more than She can bear,  
 If War be what the Council does advise,  
 I hope the Council will provide Supplies;

Not go to fight with *Jabin's* Power by halves, viz. *W*ill you  
 And make us sooner, than we need, be Slaves: *W*ill you  
 As for this *Barak*, whom you wou'd declare, *W*ill you  
 Will he lend Money to support the War, *W*ill you  
 Or serve his Country like a *Jewish* Peer; *W*ill you  
 Without a Mercenary Soldier's Pay, *W*ill you  
 That fights for Gold, and for it runs away; *W*ill you  
 Are there no Nobles in *Judea* left, *W*ill you  
 Or are we of Nobility bereft? *W*ill you  
 Not one brave Soul thro' right *Israel's* Tents to say, *W*ill you  
 I fight for Honour, not for *Jewish* Pay, *W*ill you  
 Where is the ancient Pride of *Judah* fled, *W*ill you  
 That suffered none to lead them but their Head? *W*ill you  
 Victorious Sov'raigns, whose Imperial Sway *W*ill you  
 Taught them at once to Conquer and Obey, *W*ill you  
 Then who's this Mighty Son of *Issachar*, *W*ill you  
 That he such Glory shou'd attempt to share? *W*ill you  
 Is not experienc'd *Zobab* living still, *W*ill you  
 The Mighty Heir of his great Father's Skill? *W*ill you  
 Was he not bred up in the Martial Field, *W*ill you  
 That first did to his Infant softness yield? *W*ill you  
 Where then is *Israel's* boasted Wisdom seen, *W*ill you  
 Or yours, in choosing *Barak*, Mighty Queen? *W*ill you

At

At this a sudden Noise breaks thro the Air,  
 Which chills the Senates Blood with pannick fear;  
 Th' Earth shakes, Dogs houl, while they all trembling stand,  
 As once the Sun did at Heav'ns great Command;  
 A Haggard Fary euts her winged way  
 Amidst the Senate, at the Noon of Day;  
 Her fable Mantle was embroider'd o're  
 With loathsome spots and stains of Purple gore;  
 Four Steeds her Chariot drew, as black as jet,  
 With unpair'd Nails, and torturing Claws beset;  
 The frightful Screech Owl first prepares the way,  
 And sulph'rous Poyson Steams proclaim her stay,  
 With staring ghastly looks unmov'd she fate,  
 Swoln big with Pride, but more with Rage and Hate,  
 Pale Pinnard Cheeks, black Hair, sharp pointed Chin,  
 A breathless Corps without, all Hell within,  
 Then Lordly like old *Lucifer* in state,  
 She look'd, while all the Hall in silence sate,  
 With flattering Speeches, and with soothing rage;  
 She strives the Tribes of *Israel* to engage.  
 See fee my Sons your fruitful Land no more,  
 Smiling in pleasant Shows and plenteous store,



If you to War with *Jahingo*, ah! See,  
 The Earth no more replete with Luxury,  
 Now Lutes and Viols charm'd the ravish'd Ear,  
 Then will you be distracted with pale fear.

Let War sleep safe, and Whips of furies cease,  
 Let ease succeed, and *Israel* live in Peace,  
 Let all your Youths, in sporting, laugh and play,  
 And with fresh Olives, crown the smiling Day.  
 So said, she vanish'd, while the Senate round  
 Look'd fullen, with stern Anger frown'd,  
 Some bit their Lips with rage, some stupid fate,  
 Some gnash'd their poys'nous Teeth with spite and hate;  
 Soft Murmours fift crept thro' th' enrag'd Crowd;  
 At length, they storm'd and chaf'd, and Thunder'd loud,  
 And all sad Vengeance swore, and all dire mischief vow'd.

When see admidst this heat, before their Eyes  
 A form of light ineffable did rise,  
 Like the glad Morning Sun in flowry May,  
 That glids the *Sphere* with his uprising Ray,  
 Her upper Garment where like Silken Lawn,  
 Or the blew Curtain, which o're Heaven is drawn;  
 Of Crimson red her rosie Cheeks were dy'd,  
 With beauty blushing nought but Natures Pride,

So

So snowy white, her milky Breasts so fair,  
 Light wou'd be Shadow if we shou'd compare;  
 Low at her Feet the Earth lay groveling down,  
 And humbly waited her to tread upon;  
 The curling Waves about her only Crow'd,  
 To grace her Triumphs when they roar aloud;  
 This Beauteous Image fate upon a Throne,  
 And more than mortal lustre about her shone.

At last, the Clouds broke from their mislaid Eyes,  
 When they beheld their Queen with glad surprize;  
*Deborah* they saw was sent 'em from above,  
 To Rule and Guide them by her pious Love.

And now the Queen prepar'd to let 'em know  
 How bounteous Heav'n in goodness did o'reflow,  
 Charms from the Tongue did fall, and ev'ry word  
 Pierc'd thro the Ears soft Organ like a Sword,  
 Th' Assembly stood all lifeless, pale and mute,  
 Nor durst reply, nor durst again dispute;  
 But to the Throne, with down cast eyes they bow'd.  
 And prostrate at Her feet, their duty show'd,  
 Conviction fell with fear on every Son,  
 Who had oppos'd the Choice, the Queen begun;

And

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And

And every one now strives to loose his Tongue  
To *Deborah*, then to *Barak* makes his song:

*Zobab* whom *Samor* would have made their choice,  
First mov'd the Senate with exalted voice:  
Who can forget O! Queen the Happy Day  
Thou blest our *Israel*, with thy peaceful Sway?  
When *Israel* slept, thou wak'd our slumbring eyes,  
And as another Sun did at our Midnight rise;  
Heaven did it self in bright Apparel dress,  
And tuneful Angels sung soft Hymns of Peace,  
In dancing Airs, Stars from their Spheres were sent,  
And springing joy spread o'er your Royal Tent,

Why then shou'd we Ungratefully oppose  
Our Royal Mistress? why her favours lose,  
Who such vast Bounties on her *Palestine* bestows?

If *Barak* be the Man by Heaven decreed  
Why dare we Heaven and thus make *Debrah* bleed,  
If neither Heaven nor yet the Queen had said,  
*Barak* shou'd lead out *Israel* as their Head,  
Is not his Courage, and his Conduct known  
To *Israel*, that we choose him for our own.

F I N I S.

